Radio Station
X E G
1050 Kilocycles
Each Friday
11:00 P.M. CST

The Mission Trail

BOX 191 Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Willie C. Murphey • Frances E. Murphey • Kathleen E. Murphey • Patsy M. Murphey

"LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST." — JOHN 4:35

VOL. 2, NO. 22 PUBLISHED WEEKLY JUNE 17, 1966

. . . It is certainly a pleasure to be working for the Lord, and we are happy to be engaged in his service. He has many good blessings for us if we will but abide in his will and please him and serve him from day to day. We hope that each of you are happy and well and enjoying the blessings of the Lord this summer.

I have a very special announcement which I would like to make at this time in regard to our time on XEG. As a number have requested that we come earlier if possible, we're glad to tell you that we do have a little earlier time beginning next week. This time will be 10:45 instead of 11:00 as we are now on each week. That new time beginning next week, June 24, will be 10:45 for THE MISSION TRAIL broadcast. And, of course, this is Willie Murphey speaking to you.

Kathleen has a special message for you at this time, so go right ahead, Kathleen.

This coming Sunday is the day set aside to honor fathers. So tonight we would like to give special honor to our fathers. What greater testimony could we give them than the testimony which David had for his father in Psalms 22:4?

"OUR FATHERS TRUSTED IN THEE:

they trusted, and thou didst deliver them."

We remember how God sent the prophet Samuel to Jesse's house to anoint one of his sons as the next king of Israel. Jesse had each one of his sons to pass before Samuel, and each time Samuel thought that surely this was the one whom God had chosen, but God said, "no". After all of his sons had passed before him, Samuel asked Jesse if he had another son. He said, yes, he had a son that was out in the fields taking care of the sheep. Samuel commanded him to send for him because this was the one whom God had chosen as king. When David came in, God told Samuel, "Arise, anoint him: for this is he."

We might ask the question, "Why did God chose David to be the king?" It was because David had already learned from his father the fear of God and how to serve God with all his soul, mind, and strength.

After David became king, I am sure that he many times remembered how his father had taught him to serve God, and this remembrance helped David to know what would be the right thing to do.

Here in Psalms, David is reminding God that his fathers had trusted in him in the time of trouble, and God had delivered his fathers out of all their troubles. Surely Jesse had left his son David a rich inheritance which helped

David to be a better king of Israel, one which would lead the people in the ways of God. Surely it is today when we need fathers who will teach us how to live for God.

Now here is Wayne to tell you how much our father, Willie Murphey, means to us.

"I am glad I have a nice father. I like him very much. I thank God for him."

Thank you, Wayne. And as we remember our fathers here, let us not forget our heavenly father. Jesus told us in Matthew 5:48, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

We have a heavenly father who is perfect, and he sent his son here that we may understand how we ought to live. As we live for our father in heaven he will give us the understanding that we may know how we should live so others will see our heavenly father in us. Let us pray.

Our Father who art in heaven,
We ask that you would bless all who are listening tonight. We ask that you would send an extra special blessing upon all the fathers and reward them for all that they have done to teach us how we ought to live for you, our heavenly father, for we ask it in Christ's name. Amen

Here is Patsy Wilson to give us the poem which she has written for our fathers.

"It takes a lot to be a father, and it takes a lot more to be a good one. It takes a lot of love and patience and forgiveness and self-sacrifice. It takes a lot of time and a lot of thought, but I never knew a father who didn't think it was worth all of it.

"I want to dedicate this poem to all fathers in general, and to one father in particular. That father is Clifford Wilson, and I think he is the best father there is because he's mine."

There's nothing like a father
To lead your steps aright,
To speed you on in the path of good,
And make your life seem bright.

There's nothing like a father
To take your troubles to
To tell him all your burdens
And let him comfort you.

There's nothing like a father
To cheer your daily task;
To make your work seem easier
And help you if you ask.

There's nothing like a father
To have for just a friend
To walk beside and talk to
Until the journey's end.

There's nothing like a father
In all the needs of life
In comfort, peace, and friendship,
In battles and in strife.

And so I ask on Father's Day
That all the best in life
May go to all good fathers
To reward their toil and strife.

May all good fathers feel today
The pride of having won
The love of tender childish hearts--
The prize for a job well done.

I know that on this special day
The Father up above
Is looking down on Fathers here
With extra-special love.

--Patsy Wilson

Thank you, Patsy Wilson, for that lovely poem dedicated to all fathers. Now here is my sister Patsy and my

brother Willie Eugene with some more thoughts concerning fathers.

"Let us dry our tears now, laddie,
Let us put aside our woes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
For I'm sure that daddy knows.
Let us take him what we've broken,
Be it heart or hope or toy,
And the tale may bide unspoken,
For he used to be a boy.

He has been through all the sorrows
Of a lad at nine or ten;
He has seen the dawn of morrows
When the sun shone bright again;
His own heart has been near breaking,
Oh, more times than I can tell,
And has often known the aching,
That a boy's heart knows so well."

"My daddy is the finest man
That ever you did see,
He is quite wonderful indeed,
With me you must agree.

Why when I was a baby small
And had the colic, oh so bad,
Who walked the floor with me at night?
It was my dear old dad.

And once he made a big sand pile
In it I have such fun.
He takes us riding in the car
When his day's work is done.

There are so many other things,
My papa does for me
That when he's gone we're lonesome,
Just as lonesome as can be.

Sometimes I call him "Papa"
Sometimes it's "Daddy dear",
But always when he goes away
We wish that he were near

And when I say my prayers at night
Beside my mother's knee
I ask the Lord to bless and keep
My daddy dear for me."

Well, thank you each one for your kind words. We are certainly thankful for the children who love the Lord. Your words concerning father make me feel that all of our work is not in vain in the Lord.

Now let me remind all the fathers listening to the broadcast tonight that you do hold a very responsible place. God places certain responsibilities upon your shoulders to instruct and train your children in such a way that will bring credit and honor not only to their family but to the glory of God. I hope that you will not only give them the instruction that is necessary, but that you will set before them the example that they should follow. Just remember that those habits of life which you have are leaving an impression upon those boys and girls who are following in your steps. I hope that each father will have the courage to set the example for the youth of our land.

Remember that new broadcast time for next Friday night is 10:45. Until then may God bless and keep each one of you.

Listen now to this song, "Wonderful" as sung by Lynn and Alma Carver, Manuel and Marie Mitchell.

This message has been brought to you by THE MISSION TRAIL of Guthrie, Oklahoma. If you would like to have a printed copy of today's message, be sure to send us your request. There is no charge or obligation on your part. Simply address your letter to The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma. Until next Friday night at 10:45, this is Willie Murphey saying may God's richest blessings be yours and a very pleasant goodnight!

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"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

AT PRESS TIME WE UNDERSTAND THAT:

It was a pleasure to be in services at the Central Community building near Garfield, Arkansas, for three nights this week. Sister Lou Bray and Sister Ethel Worrall opened their homes and hearts to provide a place for our family to stay. The attendance and interest in the meeting was encouraging with quite a number coming from Neosho for services. This included Bro. and Sis. Vada McMillian, Bro. and Sis. Austin McMillian, Bro. and Sis. Ralph Sell and others. Also we were pleased to have Bro. and Sis. Oscar Wall from Huntsville, Arkansas in attendance two nights. Sis. Evelyn Gibson attended one service. We trust the gospel seed sown in that field, when well watered by the prayers and labors of God's people, will bring forth a rich fruitage of righteousness.

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It is reported that Bro. Darius Gibson who has been sorely afflicted is much improved.

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On our return trip through Tulsa we stopped and visited a few moments with Bro. and Sis. Sam Barton, who are bravely and patiently enduring the afflictions and the trials of life and a firm decision to be faithful unto the end.

Hammond, Louisiana campmeeting begins June 24.

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Bro. and Sis. Myrle E. Eddens, P. O. Box 188, Arcadia, Oklahoma, writes of their plans for a tent meeting in Arcadia beginning July 2, extending through July 10.

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While visiting Bro. Barton, he informed me that he desired to show me an example of what it means to bear no fruit even though outward signs may indicate otherwise. Without explaining, he took me outside the house. After walking into his garden he pointed out a beautiful patch of potatoes. According to the outward appearance it seemed that there should be enough potatoes produced from these vines to supply him for many weeks. But the great surprise came when he plucked up a plant by the roots, and there were no potatoes to be seen at all. This seemed rather strange, and I walked over and pulled up a plant myself, but still no potatoes. The example was clear: "Man looketh on the outward appearance but God looketh on the heart."

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The Mission Trail
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